

## BEWITCHED.

"If it was for your own good, Serena, or if I even thought the man really loved you, I would never try to stop you from marrying him. But you don't know him as I do, dear. If you could see and hear him of an evening, in the bar-room of the 'Red Fox,' half intoxicated, and swearing over his bad luck, at billiards, you would soon lose this foolish fancy for him. And he talks of women, too, in a shameful way! No man worth the name would—"

"That is quite enough, George Everett!" exclaimed Serena Leigh, who had been listening to the young farmer's lecture with ill concealed impatience. "If Colonel Chetwynd amuses himself in such places, is he worse than you? By your own account you frequent them yourself."

"Only since this fellow came here to bewitch you, Serena," said George, his eyes full of beseeching love. "I have watched him, but it was for your sake. I wanted to know who and what he really is."

"Never mind, George. I cannot bear another word," said the dark, bright young beauty, looking nervously towards a pretty bower of honeysuckles at the lower end of the farm-house garden, in which they stood. "I may as well tell you at once that I love him with all my heart, and that I have promised to marry him on the day when my grandfather gives his consent."

"Squire Leigh never will do that," began George. "He has always wished you to marry me, Serena. And I—oh, you know my whole heart has been fixed upon you ever since we were little children playing about this dear old farm together. Serena—he took her hand, and his blue eyes filled with tears—"I shall die if you leave me. I cannot live without you." The girl flushed up and seemed to hesitate.

She had loved George Everett. Nay, she loved him now, although she knew it not.

The honeysuckles shook and rustled, although there was not a breath of wind stirring among the trees. Serena's eye caught the movement, and her color grew deeper still.

"It cannot be George!" she said, sadly. "Not for millions would I stay here in Meadowlands, and vegetate on a farm. This one has nearly been the death of me, and yours is quieter and duller yet. I must go away—I must see the world. And he can show it to me."

She drew her hand away and ran back to the house before George Everett could utter a word.

After a few moments, he followed her.

But he did not enter the comfortable square kitchen, where the hale old squire was smoking his after-supper pipe.

He, George Everett, mounted his best grey mare, Peggotty, and rode swiftly over the forest road toward the hillside farm which was his own, the farm to which he had hoped one day to bring the girl who had once admired and loved it, but who could only speak of it as "quieter and duller yet" than the lovely greenhouse in which she herself was born.

From the chamber window, screened by the muslin curtains, Serena watched him out of sight.

For the last time. She knew it well.

George Everett was proud.

He would not kneel to sue for a love that was denied, no matter what he might suffer through its loss.

He would come no more.

For weeks Serena had said to herself that she wished their tacit engagement broken.

Now that was done, she sat down and looked at George's picture on the wall, and cried as if her heart would break.

From the garden, from the honeysuckle bower, came the clear thrilling notes of a bird—a call that she had listened to many a time during the midsummer weeks just fled.

Now she heard it with a start of fright.

Her tears ceased.

"I've kept him waiting so long! Will he be angry?" she thought, as she bathed her face and arranged her hair, and tied the crimson ribbons afresh that fastened the lace frills at her throat and wrists.

She stole down the front stairs softly.

All the doors stood wide open, and through the great hall she could see her grandfather and the two hired men on their way to milking, while Hilda Stone, the housekeeper, was bustling about the kitchen, doing up the manifold bits of work that always fell to her share at that quiet, restful hour.

Down to the honeysuckle arbor sped Serena, sure that she was safe from every eye.

And in the arbor she was met by a tall, dashing, distinguished-looking man of forty, who lifted her small white hand to his moustached lips every demonstration of respect.

"How long you have been, my dearest," he said reproachfully, drawing her to the seat that encircled the arbor. "I began to fear that you were going to desert me and cling to the young farmer after all."

"He has gone. I shall not see him again. Don't talk about him, please," said Serena, rather unsteadily.

"I hope you don't regret him, darling!" said the silky voice. "To live with him on one of those dreary, lonely farms! It would be an awful fate for one so bright and fair. Wait till I show you Chetwynd Hall. Wait till you see the elegance of luxury, the perfect comforts of an English home; and then say if you are sorry for places like these. You will say good-bye to poverty, dear, once you are my bride."

"Poverty? Why, I have never been poor," exclaimed Serena. "Grandpapa is the richest man in town, and he has always given me everything that I wished for."

"I know—I know," said Colonel Chetwynd, glancing rather contemptuously at the square, red-brick house, set in the midst of its plentiful orchards and gardens. "The farm is rich, I hear. But what is that to such a home as I offer you at Chetwynd Hall?"

"The farm is only a small part of grandpapa's wealth," said Serena, who, in spite of her infatuation, slightly resented this persistent undervaluing of her family and friends on the part of the gallant colonel.

It was not the first time that he had talked in that way.

Should she—should she tell him a secret which would make him approach her grandfather with more respect, when he went to ask his consent to their marriage?

It might be well to do so.

"But a man's account tells the story of his property, love," said the colonel carelessly. "And your grandfather has none at Meadowlands, so the people say. But what does that matter?" he added, changing his tone. "I marry you for love, not money, my darling."

"Louis, I will tell you something, only you must keep the secret faithfully," said the foolish girl. "Grandpapa has a horror of banks. He keeps his bonds here at home."

"One or two of small amount, I suppose, dear. Well that is not very dangerous."

"Small amount! To my certain knowledge there are thirty thousand pounds in bonds in his safe this night."

"A safe? But that is dangerous. Any one seeing a safe in your house would guess at once that it held money."

"Hush, Louis! No one would ever guess that secret. It is built into the wall behind the great eight-day clock, and the clock must be opened before it is unlocked. And out of that safe, sir, a handsome dowry is to come for me when I marry with his consent," said Serena, gazing tenderly into his handsome face, as he bent above her, to steal a kiss from her half willing lips.

Blind—foolish—infatuated!

Yes, she must have been all that, or she never would have betrayed that sacred secret of the household to one who was almost a stranger.

Blind still, that she did not notice the alteration in her lover's manner after the secret was told, and the eager, restless way in which he presently glanced at his watch, and regretted that he must leave her because he had an engagement to keep "with his lawyer from the city," who was to arrive at Meadowlands by the last train—the train that they heard even then, shrieking and whistling its way past Leigh house and farm.

After he had gone—after the magic influence of his presence had vanished—Serena, in the quiet of her own chamber, thought tremblingly of what she had done.

"But Louis is safe—Louis is like one of the family now," she said to herself.

And so she fell asleep.

At midnight Serena was roused from a dream of her loved one by a loud cry in the hall.

Her grandfather's voice.

And then heavy steps, low, fierce mutterings, like curses—a short, fierce struggle, and a crash below.

"I'm coming, grandfather! Oh, what is it?" cried Serena, lighting her lamp with trembling fingers, and only waiting to throw on her dressing-gown.

No one answered.

She sped down the staircase and stood at the foot, aghast with horror.

There lay her kind, grandfather at her feet, apparently dead, bathed in the blood that flowed from a wound in his forehead.

And behind the great clock—oh, how could they know that secret?—two masked men were busy trying to open the safe that held the bonds.

"Help—murder—thieves!" screamed Serena, reckless of her own peril, as she flew to the front door and threw it wide open, to summon the men who slept in the east wing of the house.

"There's that girl! Shoot her, Dick!"

shouted a savage voice—and yet it was so familiar to her ear.

Crouching to avoid the bullet, Serena flew out into the garden, and into the arms of a man who stood below the steps.

"Hush, dear, it's only George Everett!" he said, as she cried.

"The police are here on the track of two city burglars, and—and I came with them, with my dear mother, Serena, to warn you! I am sorry to say the colonel is one."

He drew her aside to where his mother stood, as the rush came from the police and farm hands, who had been stealthily summoned to aid them.

Shots were fired, a furious struggle took place within the hall, and then the prisoners came forth handcuffed and unmasked.

For the last time Serena Leigh looked upon the face whose fatal beauty had well nigh been her ruin.

They raised the poor old squire, and found that the wound was only superficial.

He was about the farm well and strong as ever on the second day afterwards.

But Serena laid for many days in the grasp of brain fever, and it was a very delicate little bride that was given by the old squire, to George Everett, just before the Christmas days set in.

## Crazed By Dime Novels.

Little Rock Ark. Gazette.

A very sad death occurred in the penitentiary yesterday. All deaths are sad. The death of the old man around whose bed a family assembled, is sad. The death of an infant, whose cold lips are sealed by a kiss of mothers devotion, is sad. But of all deaths, the death from a broken heart is saddest.

P. E. Sullivan, alias Wm Delaney, a young man of 23 years, one of the train robbers, recently sentenced to seventy years in the Arkansas penitentiary, was the victim of a broken heart. Several days ago he became gloomy, and going to Dr. Lenow, prison physician complained of being sick. Upon examination the physician discovered that the man was not suffering from any perceptible disease, but that his pulse was 140. He was ordered to the hospital, where every possible care was given him. He revived after a time, but every one could see despair on his countenance. He entered the prison cheerfully and spoke lightly of his long sentence, but after a while a letter came. When he read the lines his spirit sank. Tears told of a misery that ink could not express. He went again to his bed.

"The shadows are gathering fast and night is oppressing me with its darkness," he said yesterday to some one standing near. "One crime and then death in a penitentiary. My father, who has preached the gospel for years, who many and many a time clasped his hands above my head and prayed, has been humbled in his old age. And my mother! If I could only hear her voice. But walls and law are between us. I am as one who is dead. She could come to me, but I can not go to her."

His thoughts wandered. At times he seemed to be at church, listening to his father preach; and then he seemed to be playing with his sisters. He smiled and laughed softly. "Ah!" he would say, "your brother never forgets you." Suddenly his face grew dark, and waving his hands wildly he began to mutter broken sentences.

"Seizing the bridle rein he sprang upon his antagonist's horse and dashed away."

"He's reading one of those wild books that we used to steal away and devour," said one of the dying man's companions in crime.

"Halt!" he exclaimed, drawing a revolver and leveling it at the head of young Horace," continued the sufferer. "Slowly and sadly they left the church and walked along the well-worn path to the rude grave of Lawrence. Standing near the stone placed there by the Indian Casper and his fair companion—" and muttered incoherently, the sentence dying away with a groan. Suddenly he raised himself, looked intently toward the door, and slowly sank back dead.

## Ordered Back to Jail.

New Haven, Conn., Nov. 24.—The habeas corpus proceedings in the case of Walter and James Malley were not successful. Their counsel moved the prisoners be admitted to bail. The judge dismissed the petition and ordered that the Malleys be returned to jail.

## Baldwin's Brother Bailed.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 24.—Theodore F. Baldwin, paying teller of the Mechanics' National bank, who was arrested, obtained bail and was bound over in the sum of \$25,000 to appear before the United States district court at Trenton January 17, 1882.



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**BITTERS**  
STOMACH  
One of the Reasonable Pleasures of Life, a properly cooked meal, affords little or no present enjoyment, and much subsequent torture to a confirmed dyspeptic. But when chronic indigestion is combated with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the food is eaten with a relish, and most important of all, is assimilated by and nourishes the system. Use this grand tonic and corrective also to remedy constipation, biliousness, the stomach, liver and spleen.

For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

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**PILLS**

INDORSED BY  
PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, AND  
THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE.  
THE GREATEST MEDICAL  
TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.

**Symptoms of a**  
**TORPID LIVER.**

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion, of body or mind. Irritability of temper, Loss of spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Malescence at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNDEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED. TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, and these effects can be changed of feeling as to stomachic sufferer.

They increase the Appetite, and cause the body to take on flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 Cents. 25 Murray St., N.Y.

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GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a RICH BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, and is instantaneously removed by washing with soap and water. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of \$1. Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

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MANUFACTURING  
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CLOCKS, WATCHES, SILVER  
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THE LARGEST STOCK OF SILVER PLATED WARE, ALL FRESH GOODS, AT PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

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(A Medicine, not a Drink.)  
CONTAINS  
HOPS, BITCH, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,  
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.

THEY CURE  
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs. Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

**\$1000 IN GOLD.**  
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.

D. I. C. is an absolute and immediate cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.  
All above sold by druggists.  
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

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A New Process of Preserving all Perishable Articles, Animal and Vegetable, from Fermentation and Putrefaction, retaining their Odor and Flavor.

"OZONE.—Purified air, active state of oxygen."—WESTER.

This preservative is not a liquid, pickle, or any of the old and exploded processes, but is simply and purely OZONE as produced and applied by an entirely new process. Ozone is the antiseptic principle of every substance, and possesses the power to preserve animal and vegetable structures from decay. There is nothing on the face of the earth liable to decay or spoil which OZONE, the new preservative, will not preserve for all time in a perfectly fresh and palatable condition. The value of OZONE as a natural preservative has been known to our able chemists for years, but until now no means of procuring it in a practical, inexpensive, and simple manner have been discovered.

Microscopic observations prove that decay is due to the action of minute germs that develop and feed upon animal and vegetable structures. OZONE, applied by the Froutess process, kills and destroys these germs at once, and thus preserves. At our offices in Cincinnati can be seen almost every article that can be thought of preserved by this process, and every visitor is welcome to come in, taste, smell, take away with them, and test in every way the merits of OZONE as a preservative. We will also preserve, free of charge, any article that is brought or sent prepaid to us, and return it to the sender for him to keep and test.

Eggs can be treated at a cost of less than one dollar a thousand dozen, and kept in an ordinary room six months or more, thoroughly preserved, the yolk held in its normal condition, and the eggs as fresh and perfect as on the day they were treated, and will sell as strictly "choice."

The advantage in preserving eggs is readily seen; there are seasons when they can be bought for 4 or 5 cents a dozen, and by holding them can be sold for an advance of from one hundred to three hundred per cent. One man with this method can preserve 3,000 dozen a day.

Fruits can be permitted to ripen in their native climate, and can be transported to any part of the world. The juice expressed from fruit can be held for an indefinite period without fermentation, hence the great value of this process for producing a temperance beverage. Milk and cream can be held perfectly sweet any length of time.

Vegetables can be kept for an indefinite period in their natural condition, retaining their color and flavor, treated in their original packages, at a small expense. All kinds of meat, such as beef, mutton, veal, pork, poultry, game, fish, etc., preserved by this method, can be shipped to Europe, subjected to atmospheric changes, and return to this country in a state of perfect preservation.

**BUTTER** After being treated by this process will NOT become RANCID.

Dead human bodies, treated before decomposition sets in, can be held in a natural condition for weeks without puncturing the skin or mutilating the body in any way. Hence the great value of Ozone to undertakers.

There is no change in the slightest particular in the appearance of any article thus preserved, and as the process is so simple that a child can operate it as well and as successfully as a man. There is no expensive apparatus or machinery required.

A room filled with different articles, such as eggs, meat, fish, etc., can be treated at one time without additional trouble or expense.

IN FACT there is nothing that Ozone will not preserve. Think of everything you can that is liable to sour, decay or spoil, and then remember that we guarantee that Ozone will preserve it in exactly the condition you want it for any length of time. If you will remember this, it will save asking questions as to whether Ozone will preserve this or that article—it will preserve anything and everything you can think of.

There is not a township in the United States in which a live man can not make any amount of money, from \$1,000 to \$10,000 a year, that he pleases. We desire to get a live man interested to each county in the United States, or other places, to place this preservative, and through him secure the business which every county ought to produce.

**A FORTUNE** Awaits any man who secures control of OZONE in any Township or County.

A. C. Bowen, Marion, Ohio, cleared \$2,000 in two months. \$2 for a test package was his first investment. Woods Brothers, Lebanon, Ohio, made \$6,000 on eggs purchased in July and sold November 1st. \$2 for a test package was their first investment.

F. K. Raymond, Morristown, Belmont County, Ohio, is clearing \$2,000 a month in handling and selling Ozone. \$2 for a test package was his first investment.

D. E. Water, Chardon, Eaton County, Mich., has cleared over \$1,000 a month since August. \$2 for a test package was his first investment.

J. B. Gaylord, 80 LaSalle Street, Chicago, is preserving eggs, fruit, etc., for the commission men of Chicago, charging 15¢ per dozen for eggs, and other articles in proportion. He is preserving 5,000 dozen eggs a day, and on his business he makes \$3,000 a month clear. \$2 for a test package was his first investment.

The Cincinnati Feed Company, 428 West Seventh Street, is making \$6,000 a month in handling brewers' malt, preserving and shipping it as feed to all parts of the country. Malt unpreserved sours in twenty-four hours, and is of no value for feed. Ozone keeps it perfectly sweet for months.

These are instances which we have asked the privilege of publishing. There are scores of others. Write to any of the above parties and get the evidence direct.

Now to prove the absolute truth of everything we have said in this paper, we propose to place in your hands the means of proving for yourself that we have not claimed half enough. To any person who doubts any of these statements, and who is interested enough to make the trip, we will pay all traveling and hotel expenses for a visit to this city, if we fail to prove any statements that we have made.

**HOW TO SECURE A FORTUNE WITH OZONE**

A test package of Ozone, containing a sufficient quantity to preserve one thousand dozen eggs, or other articles in proportion, will be sent to any applicant on receipt of \$2. This package will enable the applicant to test the merits of Ozone as a preservative. He desires to test it for himself, and has had time to look the field over to determine what he wishes to do in the future—whether to sell the article to others, or to confine it to his own use, or any other line of policy which is best suited to him and his township. He is to be paid for the test package, and will make a fortune for him and give us good profits. We will give exclusive township or county privileges to the first responsible applicant who orders a test package and desires to control the business in his locality. The man who secures control of Ozone for any special territory will enjoy a monopoly which will surely enrich him.

Don't let a day pass until you have ordered a Test Package, and if you desire to secure an exclusive privilege, we assure you that delay may deprive you of it, for the applications come in to us by scores every mail—many by telegraph. The first come first served! is our rule.

If you do not care to send money in advance for the test package, we will send it C. O. D.; but this will put you to the expense of charges for return of money. Our correspondence is very large; we have all we can do to attend to the shipping of orders and giving attention to our working agents; therefore, we can not give attention to letters which do not order Ozone. If you think of any article that you are doubtful about Ozone preserving, remember we guarantee that it will preserve it, no matter what it is.

**REFERENCES:** We desire to call your attention to a class of references which no enterprise or firm based on anything but the soundest business success and highest commercial merit could secure.

By permission, as to our integrity and to the value of the Froutess Preservative, to the following gentlemen: Edward C. Boyce, Member Board of Public Works; E. O. Eshelby, City Comptroller; Amos Smith, Jr., Collector Internal Revenue; Wulfin & Worthington, Attorneys; Martin H. Harpman & F. F. Harpman, County Commissioners; W. S. Capner, County Auditor; all of Cincinnati, Hamilton County, Ohio. These gentlemen are each familiar with the merits of our Preservative, and know from actual observation that we have without question.

**THE MOST VALUABLE ARTICLE IN THE WORLD.**  
The \$2 you invest in a test package will surely lead you to secure a township or county, and then your way is absolutely clear to make from \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year.

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It seems strange that any one will suffer from the many derangements brought on by an impure condition of the blood, when SOUVILLE'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, or BLOOD PURIFIER, will restore perfect health to the physical organization. It is indeed a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and has proven itself to be the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, effectually curing Scrophulous, Syphilitic disorders. Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria; all nervous disorders and debility, Bilious complaint and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc. It corrects indigestion. A single bottle will prove to you its merits as a health renewer, for it ACTS LIKE A CHARM, especially when the complaint is of an exhaustive nature, having a tendency to lessen the natural vigor of the brain and nervous system.

**BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA** cures pain in Man or Beast. Use externally and internally and find instant relief.

**DR. ROGER'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP** instantly destroys WORMS and removes the Secretion which causes them.

**Nervous Debility—A Cure Guaranteed.**  
Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment; a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Nervous Headache, Mental Depression, Loss of Memory, Spasmodic, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Premature Old Age, caused by over-exertion, self-abuse, or over-indulgence, which leads to misery, decay and death. One box will cure recent cases. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars; sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure